

SPEECH OF WILLIAM F. CHANNING.

I feel, Mr. President, that the quarter century which has passed since the publication of the 'New England Anti-Slavery Society,' and with the chronology of which I ought to be more familiar than any other individual. The mere preservation of such an instrument is, of itself, of no importance; but it is a matter of interest and gratification, that on a critical review, after the lapse of twenty-five years, I find no occasion to evert from a single sentiment or principle therein set forth. Men and things change; and we are encouraged to labor for their mutation when they can be changed for the better. The truth and right never change; hence their potency and prevalence.

At the incipience of your momentous enterprise, the whole North and South agreed that the subject of slavery should not be agitated. Now, there seems to be almost as universal a determination that it shall be agitated; and, thanks to God, who 'causeth the wrath of man to praise him,' the South are taking the lead in the agitation. No publications were ever more incendiary, in the parlance of despots, or so directly adapted to kindle up the fires of insurrection, as the published sentiments which slaveholders are now scattering, broadcast, over their own plantations. When, with many other evils equally striking, is a token for good. Our country is now like the ocean, swelling and rocking, and roaring under the fury of the tempest; and no vessel, driven to leeward upon a reef, was ever more certain to be wrecked, than we may be sure that the days of slavery are numbered, and will shortly be finished.

CLOSING REMARKS OF MR. GARRISON.

Our honored and revered friend, FRANCIS JACKSON, before leaving the Hall, handed me a sentiment, which he modestly said if I thought well of, I might propose in his behalf. I will do so; and I am sure it will be heartily responded to by all:—

The American Anti-Slavery Society—Founded upon the principles of justice and truth, it aims directly to promote its one distinctive object, the immediate and entire abolition of slavery. It neither fears nor favors any religious sect or political party; it has no political offices or emoluments to get, and none to give. If its praise is in none of the churches or legislative halls, it is, we are happy to believe, in the hearts of the crushed and outraged bondmen of the South, whose claims to liberty it regards as paramount to Unions, Constitutions, Covenants, or Compromises, framed to oppress them. (Applause.)

I wish to read a printed card which I hold in my hand, by way of reminiscence:—

Fifth Anniversary of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, Wednesday, January 25, 1837. [The public meetings, during the day, will be held in the SPACIOUS LOFT OVER THE STABLE OF THE MARLBOROUGH HOTEL, and in the evening, in the REPRESENTATIVES' HALL.]

The Committee of Arrangements respectfully inform the ladies that ample accommodations have been prepared for them. The loft is spacious, clean, well warmed, and will accommodate, with ease and perfect safety, at least 1000 persons.

AMOS DRESSEL, a citizen of this State, who was 'lynched' at Nashville, for the crime of being an Abolitionist, will be present, and during the meetings in the afternoon and evening, will give a history of that affair.

That was at a time when we could get no place in which to hold a meeting in Boston, except a stable! From a stable to Faneuil Hall—yes, see the world move! (Applause.)

Pardon me a moment more. On every occasion like this, and these occasions are very rare, we should not separate without remembering (next to our beloved and eloquent coadjutor, GEORGE THOMPSON,) one who did our cause great service, beyond all expression great, during her sojourn here from the old world. It was done in Massachusetts, and in the city of Boston—directly in the face of the mob of 1835. I allude to that gifted and heroic woman, HARRIET MARTINEAU, of England (applause)—who deliberately and intelligently offered up, on the altar of Humanity, all her literary fame in this country, to make herself one with those who were treated as outcasts, in order that freedom might be vindicated in its darkest hour; and who, although an invalid for many years, has worked in England as scarcely any other person there has worked, to impregnate the British mind with hatred against slavery, and to concentrate the influence of the wise and good for its abolition in America. Be our gratitude proffered to her ashes! (Renewed applause.)

Sir, we have been to-night, in apostolic language, 'fools in glorying.' Here we are in the majority; here Anti-Slavery is in the ascendant. Now, we are to go out into the world, there to find scorn, contumely, and opposition. There we are in a minority, and we need all the faith in God and in the triumph of justice that we can exercise to enable us to endure to the end. 'He that endureth to the end shall be saved.' May God give us grace so to endure! To him be all the glory for whatever has achieved!

On motion of Mr. JOHNSON, it was

Voted, That the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society be requested, if they deem it expedient, to publish the proceedings of this festival in pamphlet form.

Another song was then sung by the Hutchinsons, and the company, a few minutes past midnight, separated.

The following additional Letters have been received since the Festival:—

LETTER FROM REV. MOSES THACHER.

PITCHER, Chenango Co. (N. Y.), Jan. 6, 1837.

Gentlemen:

Your invitation in behalf of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society to attend a 'Public Festival in Faneuil Hall' on the evening of the 23d inst., reached me on the evening of New Year's day. Most sincerely do I thank you and the 'Managers' for your kind remembrance. To have been present on the occasion designated would have afforded me unfeigned satisfaction; but the notice came too late for me to think of attending, even if I had not been prevented by other imperative duties. Have the goodness to accept this reply as an assurance to all my anti-slavery friends in Massachusetts, that my absence from the celebration of the 'twenty-fifth anniversary' of the original 'New England Anti-Slavery Society,' is not, by any means, because I have grown 'lukewarm' in the great and good work to which they are still devoted; but from other providential circumstances beyond my power to control.

God bless the Anti-Slavery enterprise! It is indeed not second to 'the most beneficent and glorious movement of the nineteenth century'; and of nothing am I more certain than that, as a branch of the gospel of Jesus Christ, its result is to be, the freedom of our country and the world from oppression.

No event of former days, in which I had any agency, is more vivid in my recollection, than the formation of the 'New England Anti-Slavery Society.' Although one quarter of a century has since elapsed, and they begin to call me an 'old man,' I will remember the dark, rainy evening; the obscure part of Boston, to which we were tramped through slushy streets; the desolated 'African school-house,' in which we convened; the earnest and honest discussion of principles to be adopted as our 'platform,' made up, not of rotten timbers and slabs, to answer as a temporary raft to convey a political party over the turbid waters of a Presidential canvass, but of materials as lasting as the lapse of time and the duration of eternity; and the liberal (not a baker's) dozen, induced, not that earnest endeavor, to subscribe the Constitution. Surely, the 'mistard-need' was then too small to be crushed, and too insignificant to be feared; but in the branches of its 'tree,' both 'clean and unclean birds,' and even the basest political Harpion, are now fast lodged; and even build their nests.

In looking over my old papers, for other purposes, I accidentally found the original draft of the Address (it which was published with the Constitution of the 'New England Anti-Slavery Society,' and with the chronology of which I ought to be more familiar than any other individual. The mere preservation of such an instrument is, of itself, of no importance; but it is a matter of interest and gratification, that on a critical review, after the lapse of twenty-five years, I find no occasion to evert from a single sentiment or principle therein set forth. Men and things change; and we are encouraged to labor for their mutation when they can be changed for the better. The truth and right never change; hence their potency and prevalence.

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Looking back upon the last quarter of a century, connected with the subject of your kind invitation, it is quite natural that a shade of sadness should come over my mind. I know that some—how many I do not know—of the eleven who united with me in first subscribing the Constitution of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, have gone to the resting place of the dead. This affecting truth, as well as my own advancing years, reminds me that my time is short, and 'the King's business requires haste.' But, it is a matter for devout thanksgiving, that among many of my early co-laborers, the head of ONE, for which a large premium was once offered, is still on his shoulders, and may yet here remain, to witness still greater things during the next twenty-five years, than have transpired in the quarter of a century just terminated.

Accept, gentlemen, the renewed expression of my gratitude for your courtesy and kind remembrance, and believe me, as ever,

Yours, to break every yoke,

MOSES THACHER.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Committee.

Francis Jackson, Samuel May, Jr., Committee.

(1) This Address was not delivered in the Essex Street Church, (as erroneously stated in our speech at the Festival), but was written for publication at the request of the Board of Managers. It is extremely gratifying to hear from our early, unwavering, much esteemed, but long silent coadjutor.—Ed. Lib.

LETTER FROM HON. WILLIAM JAY.

NEW YORK, January 10, 1837.

DEAR SIR:

I this day received the invitation of the Committee of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society to the Festival of the 23d inst. I would not have been in my power to attend, had the invitation reached me in time; but I would have embraced the opportunity of expressing in a letter my admiration of the zeal and fidelity exhibited by the members of the Society in the cause of human freedom, and my own undiminished devotion to the same great and righteous cause; a cause in my opinion identified with the present and future happiness of millions, in the life that now is, and in that which is to come.

I remain, dear sir, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

W. L. GARRISON, Esq. WILLIAM JAY.

From the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN FANEUIL HALL.

Our readers will find, in another place, a sketch of the Festival held in Boston, in Faneuil Hall, on Friday evening, Jan. 23d, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth Anniversary of the formation of the first Anti-Slavery Society gathered on the principles of immediate Emancipation. We confess that at the first blush we were dubious of the success of a festive celebration of any event in the history of the Anti-Slavery Movement, at its present stage. When we considered, as men engaged in such a work as ours should chiefly consider, how much yet remains to do, and regarded the state of the country and the immediate prospects of its affairs, it did not seem to us as if the time had come for such a display of festivity. There was something in the very name of the festival, which seemed to us to be a little reflection on the current of our ideas, and brought us to what now seems to us a more normal perception of the true relation of things. For who in this land lying in wickedness has a right to rejoice and be glad, if not those who have been devoting the best years of their lives to its deliverance from its sins and their penalties, by presenting to its inhabitants repentance, and pointing out to them the only way of escape? It is true that a curse rests on those who, having put their hand to the plough of a great reform, look back, leaving it in the furrow, tired of their work and content to believe that they have done their duty, or that the work is impossible to be done. But the Anti-Slavery Movement will never condemn its laborers for resting from their toil for a moment, to look back for the purpose of deriving fresh strength and new hope from the prospect of what progress they have made towards the conquest of that barren soil, that they may thus address themselves with renewed zeal to their task of making it blossom as the rose.

It is difficult for one whose memory does not run back to the date of the birth of the New England Anti-Slavery Society to comprehend the state of public feeling as to slavery prevailing at that time, so as to understand the magnitude of the change which has since reversed or modified it. The old traditional opposition to slavery had died out, as it died out in the struggle which ended in the Missouri Compromise. Its existence was recognised, if not as a thing right in itself, at least as one for which the South was not responsible, and with which the North had nothing to do. Indeed, the fact of slavery seemed, for the last half of the century, to be a success of the Missouri Compromise, to have passed away from the thoughts of men. If it ever recurred to their minds, it was as a hateful idea on which it was of no use to dwell, and which should be passed by and kept out of one's own sight like the personal deformity or defect of a brother or a friend. The slave was utterly forgotten. If any compassion was felt for any of the parties concerned in the institution, it was for the master that all the sympathy was reserved. In those days, a master could lay his hands upon his slave in New York or Boston, and carry him back to bondage with as little molestation as in Louisville or Natchez. In the Summer months, the watering places and the country towns all over New England were teeming with the black faces of the slaves of Southern visitors, and no man dreamed of there was any harm in the relation in which they stood the one to the other. Humane lawyers would volunteer to hunt up the slaves of their Southern friends who had given them the slip, and no man regarded as a regular and proper effort of business or of friendship. The infancy which would be burnt into the memories of the Ingrahams, Kansas, Mortons, Curtises and Loring, had not yet looked upon the dim horizon of possibilities.

It was in a day like this, when darkness covered the land and thick darkness the people, that the coming of the perfect day of liberty. The idea was a new one, and, like all new ideas, the prevalence of which it is instinctively perceived will produce great social changes, it was despised and rejected of men. That slavery was an uncomfortable affair of men, that masters were very much to be pitied, was generally allowed. It was even agreed upon by general consent, South as well as North, that it was a 'Great Moral Evil.' But, then, what were the masters to do? They had the wolf by the ears, and they could neither hold him nor let him go. They were not to blame for the relations in which they found themselves by the fortune of inheritance. They were do-

ing what they could to ameliorate the condition of the slave, and would joyfully co-operate with Divine Providence when it should see fit to make gradual arrangements for its entire abolition. These platitudes were received as logic, philosophy and religion, and were applied as deadening drugs to the Northern conscience, eagerly hankering after opiates. But as soon as the question was looked at from the standpoint of the slave, and the elevating truth communicated that he stood equally with his master in the light of sonship before God, that there was no difference in their rights or their duties, and that any human contrivance by which the one was robbed of his rights for the benefit of the other was a crime of the deepest dye, at the first flash of light there was as wild confusion among these dormant errors as among spectres and witches when the earliest beam of the sun pierces their unhalloved revels. They were all really rooted by the first ray of truth, which exposed all their deformities and absurdities, and it is only in the persistency of desperation, that they still strive to make a darkness in which they may yet tarry for a little.

It is hard to figure to oneself a time when only a dozen men held to the opinion that every man had a right to the custody of his own body and soul, that it was the highest kind of robbery to wrest this from him and put it in the hands of another, that it was the duty of the master to let his slave go, that the slave, and that it was a duty which, all duties, it would be safety and blessing to perform. When we see whereunto this thing has grown, how it has been the motive power (in spite of the absurd efforts of blundering managers to conceal the fact) of a great political party which came near getting possession of the nation, how it has even compelled the reluctant notice of the Church, and how it has affected and modified the general sentiment of Northern society, it is hard to make it real to the mind that it was from so very small a seed—the smallest of all seeds—that this upgrowth and outgrowth has sprung. The slaveholders, who were at the beginning, and they did their best, and their Northern tools for them, to trample it out of being, but only with the result of giving it a firmer hold of the soil. They knew, with the unerring instinct of tyrants, that darkness, and all the creeds that love and live by it, cannot coexist with the presence of light, and they tried to smother the infant light with the darkness of their own hearts. Their very desperation proves the immortal quality of the light from the presence of which they shrink—a desperation which grows desperate, more and more, as they see its radiance beginning to penetrate the remotest corners of the land.

In view of the fact, that the slave has come over the nation within the last quarter of a century, we think that the Abolitionists of Massachusetts did well in celebrating the Anniversary of the gathering of the Society which first confronted slavery as a sin against God and against man. The slaveholders attribute the altered complexion of these affairs at the North to the persistence of the Abolitionists, and the New England Anti-Slavery Society was the first shape which Abolitionism took into itself, from which the whole movement, in all its multitudinous forms, has sprung. It was a good thing to do, and it was a good thing well done. The place chosen was doubly fitting for the scene of that commemorative festival—first, as the Old Church where Liberty was rocked by the men of Seventy-Five, and then as the one in which the degenerate sons of Thirty-Five strove to strangle her as an acceptable service to slavery. Who would have thought when Harrison Gray Otis and Peleg Sprague were making the road round with their cries of 'Peace! Peace!' to wicked slavery, that in about twenty years it would look down on a cheerful company of Abolitionists, met to celebrate their own exulting life, and the defeat and downfall of that domestic phalanx of their enemies, because they would give them no peace? The floor of Faneuil Hall was entirely covered with tables which were carefully filled. In point of numbers, it would have been reckoned a success had it been a Festival of any of the parties or of any of the sects. The entertainment was abundant and elegant, and the speeches, of mingled seriousness and gaiety, were of the happiest description. We have never attended an occasion of the kind that was so entirely and completely successful. There was literary talent, well bestowed upon the audience, which remained patient and eager for more until past midnight. What political party can say as much after four or five hours of speech-making? It was good to be there, and it will be good to remember for a lifetime.

THE LATE PROJECTED NEGRO INSURRECTION—SIX NEGROES HUNG.

The Canton (Ky.) Dispatch publishes the following extract of a letter, giving an account of the late projected negro insurrection in that State:—

PEMBROKE, December 13, 1836.

Last Wednesday week, about 12 o'clock, the news came here that the negroes at the furnaces at Stewart county had rebelled, and that they had crossed the Cumberland river, and would attack Lafayette that night, and with this came rumors from Dover. I left up immediately, and went to Lafayette that night, getting there about half an hour in the night. The report I found to be false, but the town was in a state of perfect excitement upon the negro question. The citizens had called together their most substantial men, and formed a committee, and were engaged in the examination of the negroes. I was permitted to witness the investigation, which was rather general and indefinite, but others had told startling facts in regard to the insurrection. Mr. Rust, owing to the excitement, had adjourned his school that morning.

Tuesday morning I went to Dover, and arrived there about 11 o'clock. The people had hung round the negroes at 11 o'clock that morning, and two more men in town to be hung. I got to the place of execution in time to see the last one go off. Of the six that were hung, three were preachers. They were all proved to be ringleaders. I learned that the men at the furnace were at work whipping the truth out of the negroes, so I rode on to Dover that night, and was up with them all night. I never had such feelings in my life. I saw a list of negroes that had been whipped, and was told what they all had stated, and then I heard the balance examined—some taking five and six hundred lashes before they would tell the tale; but when they did tell it, it was the same tale all the others had told. Some told a whole story without taking a lick. Those that were examined were not permitted to see those that were not; they were kept entirely separate, and a guard over each. One of the negroes at the furnace died from whipping that night, several hours after the operation.

The substance of the testimony there was, that Christmas eve night, they were all to rise. Old Hal, Amos, Anderson, Grey and Ismael, were to murder Parish, the manager, and his family, except his wife, and she in future was to be the wife of Ismael. They were to kill young Pepper next, (brother of Judge Pepper), and other whites that were then to move west. There was to be a meeting at the Mill negroes at the forks of the road, at Piglet's near Long Creek, and were to make a joint charge upon Dover; after they had cleaned up Dover, and provided themselves with arms and ammunition, they were to scatter over the country generally. At the mill, the negroes, or rather Bob Murrell, was to kill George Lewis first, then Henry Erwin, and then the balance indiscriminately. Lewis and Erwin were to be killed first.

At the old Dover furnace, Charles Napier was to kill Tom Buckingham next; Mat Hutson was to kill Edlin, George's son, and Henry and Willie Wynn, and George's son, and the balance were to be killed. There was to be a meeting at 11 o'clock, and let him hang till next day about 1 o'clock—23 hours.

We are at work here to-day. We have one negro in chains, and will hang him, I think, certain; if the committee will not, the community are determined to do it. There is an exciting time here before we get through. I have no doubt but that it is a universal thing all over the Southern States, and that every negro, fifteen years old, either knows of it or is into it; and the most confidential house servants are the ones that are to be the most active in the destruction of their own families. The negroes, everywhere they are examined, all agree that the men, women and children are to be slain, and that the young women are to be kept as wives for themselves, and a good many of them about Dover and the furnaces went so far as to select their future companions.

All the negro preachers and active members of the church, who the officers has been investigated, are found to be the most efficient and zealous ones in the insurrection. It has been found so in Stewart county, about La Fayette, Hopkinsville, and rumor says the same of Clarksville and other places.

The Liberator.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

BOSTON, JANUARY 16, 1837.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Twenty-Fourth Annual Meeting of the MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in BOSTON, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, Jan. 29th and 30th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., each day, and holding morning, afternoon and evening sessions.

The result of the late Presidential struggle, though indicative of a growing unity of sentiment and purpose, in all the Free States, to resist the further extension of slavery, shows that a mighty work yet remains to be accomplished to divorce the North from all complicity with slavery at the South, in a religious, political, and governmental sense. Surely, at a time when the slave oligarchy were never more active in carrying their nefarious designs into execution, having the army and navy, the treasury, and all the departments of the national government at their control, with a strong majority in both houses of Congress on their side,—it is not for the friends of freedom to take their repose because so many cheering victories have been won since the great struggle commenced, but rather a time to be more determined and self-sacrificed, 'forgetting the things that are behind,' and pressing onward to the goal of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION, that ours may indeed be 'the land of the free and the home of the brave,' and no longer cursed and disgraced by the most hideous form of despotism now existing on earth.

A large and general attendance of the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause is urgently invited.

On behalf of the Board of Managers,

FRANCIS JACKSON, President.

ROBERT F. WALLACE, Sec.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD. By Paul Crayton, Author of 'Father Brightwood,' 'Martin Merville,' &c. &c. Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1837.

We have already noticed this work in commendatory terms, upon the strength of a somewhat cursory examination of it, but having since given it a careful and thorough perusal, we desire to call the attention of all whose sympathies are roused in behalf of the oppressed slave to the Southern plantation, and of the fugitive hunted like a wild beast here on our Northern soil. The motto placed on its title-page is most significant of its import:—'A certain woman went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves'—the heroine, in this instance, being a young, beautiful female slave, named Camille, by the father, who was a French merchant at New Orleans,—her mother also being very beautiful, with scarcely any trace of African blood in her veins. Camille makes her escape to the North in the disguise of an old woman, and first obtains shelter and succor in the old, weather-worn farm-house of Abimelech Jackwood, in Vermont, who proves to her a true friend to the last, and whose character, and that of his wife and children, and the grandmother, is drawn to the life, with all their Yankee peculiarities. Some time elapses before her real character, as a fugitive, is made known, as she was supposed to be an unfortunate white girl, whose case was indeed mysterious, but not by any possibility having anything to do with a state of slavery. How she was discovered—hunted—captured—and, finally, rescued, and what sufferings and sorrows she had to encounter even on New England soil, the reader must learn from a perusal of the work itself—a work of thrilling interest and great descriptive power, and not only possible, but probable, in every scene described and every statement made, for it has been transcended in experience by many a fugitive from the South, and so is not open to the charge of exaggeration in any particular. We wish it could find a place in every family at the North, that the great revolution in public sentiment, which is all too slowly going on, might be hastened to the eternal overthrow of the system of slavery, or, at least, the divorce of the North from all complicity with the Southern men-stealers. The terrible scenes so vividly described in its pages are liable to take place at any time in the 'miserable' 'free North'—all in consequence of the agreement in that 'covenant with death,' the United States Constitution, to the pursuit and capture of the fugitive slave over our hills and through our valleys, in every town and village, in the crowded city and in the solitary wilderness, wherever the slave-hunters may choose to venture. In this case, Camille was not set free by Northern courage, or generosity, or adroitness; nothing saved her from being sent back to the hell of horrors from which she had fled but the ransom paid to her 'owner,' by one to whom she had given herself in wedlock, and who is the hero of the story, if 'Neighbor Jackwood' may not fairly claim to be such. An 'application' should have been made, at the close of the volume, to the consciences of the people of the North, in thus allowing their soil to be made slave-hunting-ground; but, perhaps, the author thought the story itself would be the sternest rebuke that could be given, and needed no 'improvement.' This will be so in some cases; but the deliverance of the fugitive may serve to quiet the minds of readers generally, in that direction, and, therefore, a direct call to have that part of the covenant annulled would have been timely.

Some extracts from this remarkable work, which we have marked for insertion, will be given hereafter.

INDEPENDENT CLASS-READING. Gleanings from Divers Fields. A First and Second Class Book, intended for Public or Private Schools and Academies. Boston: James Robinson & Co., 119 Washington Street. 1837.

We are greatly rejoiced to see a work of this character—compiled, we understand, by a lady of taste, wealth, and philanthropic character, in one of our cities in this State. Its selections, both in prose and poetry, (upwards of two hundred,) evince excellent literary discrimination, moral elevation of sentiment, and an all-pervading spirit of humanity. They have been culled from such writers as Milton, Addison, Pope, Goldsmith, Blair, Cowper, Burns, Barne, Sydney Smith, Jonathan Dymond, Heber, Bowring, Nicoll, Howitt, Channing, Whittier, Bryant, Longfellow, and a multitude of others. The design of the work, however, is not so much with reference to its literary merits as to its reformatory character, especially touching the Anti-Slavery and Peace movements, which are excluded from every Class-Reader now used generally in the schools. The author frankly says in her preface:—

'The chief peculiarity of this book, and perhaps its best feature, is the stand it takes for Anti-Slavery principles, having the honor to be in this nineteenth century the only Class-Reader published in free New England which admits a single page on this forbidden subject—the only school-book from which every line referring to the troublesome question has not been carefully erased within the last few years, for the all-prevailing reason that the most careful reference to the principles of freedom has been found to injure their sale and limit their circulation in our public schools; and to meet this delicate taste, all such offending matter has been sifted out. We are assured this characteristic of our selection may ruin the Independent Reader; but we venture to throw it upon the winds of heaven, believing the day will yet come when freedom of thought and of speech will be granted to the citizens of this great Republic, and when our children may safely be permitted and taught to breathe a prayer for the emancipation of the slave.'

On looking at the pieces, referring to the slavery question, we find they do not exceed eleven in number.

ber, all of which are exceedingly brief, nearly all in an anecdotal form, and not one with reference to the present anti-slavery struggle; so that morbid indeed must be the mind, and incurably pro-slavery, that can take any exception to the work on this account. They are just such pieces as used to be in all the reading-books in the days of our boyhood, and which have been gradually excluded from them all by the growing severity of the North to the impious exactions of the Slave Power. So great, however, has been the change wrought in Northern sentiment and feeling, on this subject, within the last few years, through the indefatigable labors of the Abolitionists, that the compiler of this work might have safely made it much more distinctly anti-slavery than it really is, even with reference to its sale and adoption. As it is, we hail its publication, trusting that the day is not far distant when 'strong meat' may be substituted for 'milk,' and the cause of the enslaved exposed without pecuniary risk, or the necessity of any apology or explanation.

PARLOR DRAMAS; OR, Dramatic Scenes, for Home Amusement. By William B. Fowle, Author of 'The Hundred Dialogues,' &c. &c. Boston: Published by Morris Cotton. 1837.

Mr. Fowle says, that the success which attended the publication of his 'Hundred Original Dialogues for Schools' has induced him to prepare the present work, in which are pieces of greater length and variety of representation, to be used at family parties, or at exhibitions in our higher seminaries. There are fifteen pieces in all:—1. Woman's Rights. 2. Country Cousins. 3. The Will. 4. The Fugitive Slave. 5. The Pedant. 6. Love at Sight. 7. William Tell. 8. The Counterplot. 9. The Well of St. Keyne. 10. The Oddity. 11. The Tables Turned. 12. The Double Ghost. 13. The Tea Party. 14. The Tear. 15. The Jesuit in America. As a whole, the work is very entertaining, and well adapted to promote domestic amusement of an innocent and instructive character; but the piece on 'Woman's Rights' is such a fly in this pot of ointment as to tempt us to throw the whole away with disgust. If it was designed as a representation of the Woman's Rights movement—its claims, purposes, tendencies and results—it is a very silly caricature, for which there is no excuse. If the author had no such design, we cannot discern what was his object, as the piece is as destitute of wit as it is of sense. We hope to see it excluded from another edition of the work, should such an edition be published; because its effect must be, in the present prejudiced state of public sentiment, to excite and perpetuate a senseless opposition to one of the most important, far-reaching and sublime movements for the elevation of the human race, to which time has yet given birth. [Read the speech of WENDELL PHILLIPS, on this subject, on our last page.]

The pieces entitled 'The Fugitive Slave,' and 'The Tables Turned,' show that Mr. Fowle's head and heart are on the right side in the great struggle to procure freedom for the enslaved in our land; and that he has allowed no mercenary motive, in relation to the circulation of his 'Parlor Dramas,' the South, to suppress his humane feelings for a race that is 'peeled, mated out, and trodden under foot.' For this, he deserves high commendation and liberal patronage.

THE CHINESE SUGAR-CANE; its History, Mode of Culture, Manufacture of the Sugar, &c. With reports of its success in different portions of the United States, and letters from distinguished men. Written and compiled by James F. C. Hyde, of Walnut Grove Nursery, Newton Centre, Mass. Boston: Published by John P. Jewett & Co. 1837.

Though the length of the title might seem to indicate a voluminous work, it represents only a neat pamphlet of 106 pages, very carefully prepared, and embodying all the information that could be obtained on the subject. The object of it is to supply the public with accurate knowledge concerning this new and valuable plant, the Chinese Sugar-Cane. It was attended with some difficulties, owing to the fact of the recent introduction of the plant, and, consequently, the short time there has been to try experiments with it. Now that the price of sugar has doubled within the last three or four years, making that necessity of every household a very dear one as to cost,—and particularly in view of the outrageous monopoly which is enjoyed by the sugar-planters at the South, by which a tax of millions of dollars is unjustly wrong out of the people of the North, who are the great consumers of sugar in our land,—it becomes a matter of personal and universal concern to see if there be not some other mode of obtaining an article so indispensable, and at a much more reasonable rate. The facts respecting the Chinese Sugar-Cane, and the experiments made with it in different parts of the country, contained in this pamphlet, are of a most interesting and encouraging nature, and cannot fail to stimulate to further experiments. Mr. Hyde has succeeded in manufacturing from it molasses equal to the best syrup, of a light brown color and an excellent flavor. He says that the seed which it yields so profusely possesses all the rich qualities of rice or other grain, to feed out to cattle, swine or fowls; so that it would seem to be almost worth growing for that alone, as it yields from twenty-five to fifty bushels per acre. He recommends its trial as a green crop for soiling, or for curing, for winter food for cattle; as he thinks it will prove far superior to any and all crops that are now grown for that purpose. Horses, cows and swine eat the stalks with the greatest avidity, even like shelled corn. It seems to adapt itself to all the vicissitudes of our varied climate and soil, and with a facility unsurpassed by corn or wheat. The stalks, when nearly mature, are filled with a rich saccharine juice, which may be converted into sugar, syrup, alcohol, or beer, or may be used for dyeing wool or silk a permanent red or pink. D. J. Brown, Esq., of the Patent Office, Washington, D. C., who introduced it into this country, says in his late report:—'Without wishing to present the subject in an extravagant light, it may be stated that this crop is susceptible of being cultivated within the territory of the United States to an extent equal to that of Indian corn, say, 25,000,000 acres per annum; and estimating the average yield of dry or cured fodder to the acre at two tons, the yearly amount produced would be 50,000,000 tons, which, to keep within bounds, would be worth at least \$500,000,000, besides the profit derived from the animals in milk, flesh, labor, and wool.' Farmers—men of enterprise—lovers of cheap sugar—procure this pamphlet, and behold a vast field of hopeful and remunerative labor opened before you!

THE TABERNACLE ALMANAC, for 1837, besides the usual astronomical calculations and calendars, contains a large amount of valuable information respecting Kansas, Nicaragua, the condition of Europe, the Ordinance of 1784, &c., together with the several Party Platforms, the Election Returns from all the States in the Union, carefully compiled and compared with former elections, an account of the remarkable contest for Speaker of the 34th Congress, a list of members of the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives, classified and duration of office, a list of States, Capitals, Governors, (with their salaries), times of Legislative meetings, holding of elections, &c., statistics of Banking in the United States, population of the United States, &c. Sold at 12½ cents single—\$1 per dozen—or \$7 per hundred. 'Cheap enough' for the poorest, and useful many times over its cost for reference.

ERRATUM. In the obituary notice of RACHEL HAMILTON, (in THE LIBERATOR of Jan. 24,) sixth line, read, 'one by one the bonds are strengthened that draw us hence.'

Read the admirable extract from Rev. A. BARTLETT'S discourse, at Bangor, on our last page.

ABOLITIONISTS AND THE CHURCH.

'If the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?'

A correspondent

And by an $\text{O}(\log n)$ algorithm, where.